

HISTORY
OF
Sir HARRY HERALD
AND
Sir EDWARD HAUNCH.
VOL. III.

THE
YARDH
H

EDWARD HARVEY'S HANDBOOK



YARDH

EDWARD HARVEY'S HANDBOOK

THE
HISTORY
OF
Sir HARRY HERALD
AND
Sir EDWARD HAUNCH.

In THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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Y A O T S I H
O F
SIR HARRY HERALD
AND
SIR EDWARD HAWKEH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



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THE
H I S T O R Y
O F
Sir HARRY HERALD
A N D
Sir EDWARD HAUNCH.

C H A P. I.

Conclusion of the History of Captain Worthy.

THE melancholy Contents
of these last Letters, continued Captain *Worthy*, threw
me into a Despondency beyond what

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I had before known—this inflexible austerity of her Father, shut out every Prospect of Hope; while it opened those of Misery, Want, and every Circumstance of Distress.

Loaded with these heavy Reflections, unable to sleep, I rose the Morning after the Receipt of the last of these Letters, very early, and wandered into Chelsea-fields—from whence, after some time, I almost involuntarily returned into the Park—sat down upon one of the Benches in the Bird-cage Walk—where I had not been long, before a tall, thin Gentleman, wrapped up in

in a great Coat, came and sat down, at the other end of the Bench—But as I was too deeply pressed, and involved by thought, long to retain the remembrance of his being near me——unknowingly I betrayed, by a disturbed Gesture, an evident Dejection of Countenance, and by repeated Sighs, which broke from me, that Disorder of Mind under which I labored — This Discomposure, too remarkable to be long unobserved, by one so near me, at last prevailed upon the Gentleman, to address me with an Humanity, blended with the most perfect Delicacy, and Politeness, in the following

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Manner.—Your having, Sir, the Appearance of a Gentleman, readily induces me to hope, I shall stand excused, for the Liberty I take, in breaking in upon your Contemplations; but the Severity of them appears too rigid, not to demand the Interposition even of the obdurate; — but *Humanity* cannot refrain from deviating from the Rules, I am conscious Good-breeding prescribes, by enquiring, if the Grievs with which you seem oppressed, are capable of Redrefs, by any Means, but those of Consolation and Advice, if they alone can assist, I shall not pay

so bad a Compliment to your Understanding, to suppose it insufficient, by Time and Reflection, to become your own best Instructor — and have too much Diffidence of my own, to attempt it —but if —(I must again, Sir, sollicit your excuse)—if, I say, your Oppression of Mind arises from the Frowns of an undiscerning World; the Negligence of Friends, in promoting your Interest and Merit, as a Soldier; (for from your Habit, I presume you have been such) if any of these, Sir, are the Motives to this Inquietude you labor under— perhaps, if you have Confidence

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enough in me, to unlade your
Bosom, I may be capable, if
not wholly to *redress*, at least to
mitigate your Griefs.

This was delivered with such
Complacency—such Integrity of
Heart—mixed with a Dignity of
Mind, too great to promise what
it had not determined to per-
form, that I was instantly void
of every Idea cautious Suspicion
might have given, of a Person less
distinguishable, in his Manner of
addressing me — therefore opened
to him every minute Circum-
stance of my Life— which after
attending to with a grave and
manly

manly Sensibility — took out a Pocket-book, and Pencil, desired my Name, and that of the Colonel, in whose Regiment I had served — that I would meet him upon that Bench, the following *Thursday*, and he might, perhaps, find means, to remove the Malady which hung thus heavily upon my Mind — Then putting five Guineas into my Hand, — said, Physicians, Sir, begin by slight Prescriptions, to revive the Spirits, they hope their future Visits may *confirm* — and, rising, was about to go — when observing I was endeavouring to address him with my Thanks, prevented

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me, by adding—your Heart, Sir,
is written in your filling Eyes—
and cover me with equal Confusion,
in receiving their warm
Acknowledgments, as you in paying
them; therefore, let me intreat—no more—but remember
Thursday—and conclude me your
Friend, and very humble Servant.

—Thus taking his Leave with a
Politeness of behaviour, which rather
seemed to manifest the having
received, than *conferred*, a Favor.

If, from this Interview, my
Heart swelled with grateful Ideas
—how did it overflow from the
subsequent one? to which he was
pre-

precisely punctual—and I instantly read some happier Fortune in his Face, before he spoke—for his extensive Mind was too much enlarged, to attempt *covering* the good, he had in store, the more to enhance its Merit—but was as impatient to unfold, as I was to hear.—Sitting down, and throwing his Hand into mine, and pressing it with an eager Warmth; at the same time looking at me, with the most evident Pleasure, said, I am greatly rejoiced, Sir, to find myself as little mistaken in your *acting*, and *thinking*, like a Gentleman, as I was in your *appearing* to be one

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—though under the Disadvantage of neglected Dress, and Oppression of Spirits—but Integrity of Manners is too conspicuous, to be clouded by the want of external Ornament, or shaken by the least Digression from Truth, and Honor;—all which are verified in the Character I have had the Pleasure of receiving, Sir, of you, from Collonel——and several other Gentlemen of Rank in the Army—but am sorry to inform you, I have not been able, fully, to accomplish my Purpose, in rewarding that Merit as *I hoped*, and which it amply demands—Then taking out of his pocket—

and Sir Edward Haunch.

Pocket a Parchment, said, there, Sir, is a Captain's Commission, upon the *Irish* Establishment;—had there been a Vacancy upon that of *England*, it would have been obtained for you:—And there, Sir, are some necessary Directions, sealed up in that Packet, from the Secretary of War's Office, to be observed on the other side the Water; whither you must repair, as soon as conveniently you can.—Then pressing me again by the Hand, and rising from his Seat,—added, and now, Sir, I wish you a good Morning and a happy Voyage.—

If

If Realities ever appeared visionary to any Man, they then did so to me—and my Senses were in that kind of Tumult, Dreams produce—uncertain, fluctuating, confused—and, utterly deprived of Speech, I had only Power to grasp his Hand.—When this great, good, Man, perceiving my Agitation—cried, my Continuance here, I am convinced prevents your Spirits from returning to their due Order—therefore let me intreat I may be gone—My Reason and Reflection now began to return—and following him, as he hastily made from me, I caught hold of his Arm—and, breaking into Speech,

Speech, with the utmost Fer-
vency—intreated him to pardon
me, if I could not suffer his De-
parture, till I was informed *where*,
and to *whom*, at a more proper
Time, and Place, I might pour
out those grateful Thanks, which
then crowded too quick for Ut-
terance.—This, he, for sometime,
persisted in refusing—but my
urgent, and repeated Supplications,
and our being remarked by some
People at a little distance, in-
duced him, at last, to say—well,
Sir, when you wet your Commis-
sion in *Ireland*, among other
Friends, remember the D— of
M—nt—g—u;— and now permit
me

me to renew my Wishes, for your happy Voyage and take my Leave.—Then walked precipitately away—no doubt, to prevent my Replication.

After the first Transports, naturally arising, from such an immediate, and amazing Transition of Fortune, had a little subsided, I began to consider of Means for raising Money, to discharge my Incumbrances; defray the Expence of a proper Equipment for my new Situation, and conveying me, to take Possession of it. This necessarily brought to my Recollection, the sealed

Orders,

Orders, my noble Patron had given me, from the Secretary of War's Office; in which, I concluded, the time was specified for attending my Command; and from the knowledge of which, I should be better capable of regulating, and dispatching my private Affairs.—But when I broke it open, what new Streams of Joy and Gratitude flowed to my Heart, in finding two *Bank-NOTES*, for a Hundred Pound each! This additional, and princely Instance of Munificence, added to the impatience I before felt, of waiting, the next Morning, to pay my humblest Acknowledgments of

Duty

Duty and Gratitude, for such astonishing Proofs of unbounded Beneficence—But a *Nobility* of *Mind*, which distinguished this truly great Man, more than that of his high Birth, had carried him, early that Morning, out of Town, (as I was afterwards well assured) to prevent his receiving the Tribute of Thanks, he concluded I should come to pay him—and which, I never had Opportunity of doing, otherwise than by writing, and the most ample, and open Declaration of them, to the World.

When

When I had discharged the Demands upon me, and transacted some other necessary Affairs, I rode Post to *Shrewsbury*, to congratulate with Mrs. *Worthy*, upon this unlooked for Catastrophe of our Fate—and, we are now, on our Journey to *Bristol*, there to embark for *Cork*, in *Ireland*, where the Regiment at present is.

Thus you find, Madam, a Family, not fourteen Days since, plunged in the depth of Misfortune, almost, by Miracle raised, if not to Affluence—to a Condition of Life, infinitely superior, even, to their most sanguine *Hopes*—then let

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let me intreat, our Example may influence that good Sense you are Mistress of, to conclude, Heaven is ever ready to redress, by Means, proportioned to its Wisdom—therefore far beyond the Limits of our narrow Comprehension.

C H A P.



C H A P. II.

A Scene at the Play-house.

THE following Day brought the Vessel to Gloucester; where, when they arrived, Mr. Placid complimented *Felicia*, with an Apartment of his Father's House, who was an eminent Tradesman of that City; prevailing upon her to postpone her Journey to *London*, for a few Days, not only to recover Spirits, after

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after her Fatigue, but till he should
have an Opportunity of escorting
her thither, where he was himself
obliged to go, after the Dispatch
of some Business, which required
his Continuance a short time at
his Father's.—*Felicia*, very readily
accepted the obliging Proposal, and
was more particularly induced to it,
from the Inconveniency which
would have arose, from being at a
Public-Inn; it happening, not
only to be the Assize Week, but
there was also a very large Meeting
of Gentlemen, upon a considerable
Match of Cocks, and Horses.—
This occasioned great Difficulty, in
procuring any Accommodation of
Lodgings,

Lodgings, if not previously bespoke
—and Mr. *Placid* was obliged to
exert his Interest in Favour of Cap-
tain *Worthy*, and his Family, in a
private House near his Father's, or
they must have gone two or three
Miles out of Town, to have lain.

This public Occasion had brought
thither, the Company of Players
from *Bath*—and Captain *Worthy*,
the Day after he arrived at *Glou-*
cester, paying a Visit to Mr. *Placid*
and *Felicia*—proposed making a
Party, that Evening to the Play—
but *Felicia*, a great while, declined
it; till prevailed on, at the Instance
of Mr. *Placid*, she at last ac-
ceeded

History of Sir Harry Herald
ceeded to it, though with Re-
luctance.

The great Resort of People, then
in Town, occasioned a crowded
House—and many were obliged to
sit upon the Stage—amongst whom,
was this Party—About the middle
of the Play, came in four, or five
choice Spirits, who would have
been more properly disposed of,
amongst their Dogs, and Horses,
than to have mingled with po-
lite Company, of which there
was a considerable Number, but
however unfit, (from their Con-
dition or Conduct) they were to
appear, they seemed by no means
conscious

conscious of it, but in the most conspicuous Manner, thrust themselves forward upon the Stage—*Felicia* immediately observed Mr. *Scent*, (sometime since mentioned in the Course of this History) one of the foremost—at the Sight of whom, she was so much alarmed, it was quickly noticed by Mr. *Placid*, who had not, till she informed him of the Occasion of her Concern, recollected him—*Felicia*, would have directly left the Place—but Mr. *Placid*, very properly, advised against so particular a Behaviour, which he thought would rather appear, as intended to *create*, than *evade*

Observation—

Observation—and her Caution would have proved wholly fruitless—for this notable 'Squire, though in his soberest Hours, not very remarkable for Discernment, yet notwithstanding he was now pretty far removed from such a Situation—however, had Penetration enough left, to make him presently mark out *Felicia*—toward whom he immediately advanced—and addressed with a rude Familiarity, by loudly crying out—
By the Wrekin! the little Runaway—Ecod! I am glad I have met with thee! if thou wo't, I'll take thee into Keeping, thou shan't have Occasion to flee from—

Here

Here Mr. *Placid* immediately took him aside, telling him, that Lady was under his Protection, begged he would accost her in a more respectful Manner, or entirely desist from taking Notice of her—

Why, what a Murrain! returns the sagacious 'Squire—dost think thou haft got into thy *Pulpit*, where thou canst talk to Folk, without being answered? but 'tis quite a contrary Case here, *Parson*—this is a Place for Liberty of Conscience.—And of Decency, and Good-breeding too, I hope, Sir, replied Mr. *Placid*—Ecod! answered the 'Squire—the World's come to a fine Pass, when Gen-

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try are to be taught how to be-
have to a *Wench*, by a little
prating *Parson*—Mr. *Placid* replied,
the World, indeed, was come to
a fine Pass, when Gentlemen be-
haved in such a manner, that it
must be concluded they had no
Pretensions to the *Name*, but
what *Fortune* gave them.—*Scent*,
presuming upon this Gentleman's
Profession, began to bluster, and
be outrageous.

Captain *Worthy*, who imagined
Mr. *Placid*'s Remonstrances would
have shewn this doughty Spark,
his Error, was quickly convinced
of his own — by overhearing the

Effects

Effects they had upon him—therefore, to prevent his renewing the same Conduct, he thought it necessary to step from his Seat, and whisper this *eldest* of the Family of the *Wrongheads*, that the young Lady, about whom they were debating, was not only under that Reverend Gentleman's Protection, but *his* also—and if the Admonition he had received, was not sufficient to prevail, there were other Measures to be taken with People, who remained obstinate—but hoped, he would prevent the Necessity of putting them into Execution.

It is an old, but very just Observation, that *Tyrants* are ever *Cowards*—which was amply verified, by the present Instance of this *rural Bashaw*—who answered that Maxim, in its fullest extent, amongst his *Servants, Dependants*, and such others, whose Situation, he knew prevented their proper Resentment—but out of that Circle, was as timid, as the Deer, Hares, or Foxes, he had been the constant Persecutor of—Wherefore, the Captain's Remonstrances had a far more immediate Influence, than the *Clergyman's*, whose Profession was not quite so productive of *Fear*—and Violence subsided,

subsided, forthwith, into calm Submission—with servilely saying—
By the Lord! I had no manner of Intention, d'ye see, Sir, to anger my old Friend, the Parson—why, I warrant me now, he has followed my Dogs, ten or a dozen score Days hunting—and by the Lord—I have as good a Respect for him, as I have for the best of the Pack—As for the young Gentlewoman, I must own to you, Captain, (for that, I suppose you be, at *least*) I have had a liking to her a long time—and perhaps could make her as good a Jointure, d'ye see, as another—but that *argufies* nothing—little

said's soon amended—thof, an I
were disposed to marry, I have
no body's Consent to ask but my
own.— And the *Lady's*, I
presume, Sir—replied Captain *Wor-*
thy.—Oh, by the Wrekin! cried
the 'Squire — there's little Danger
of *that*, where there's a round
Parcel of Acres, and a jolly, tite
young Fellow—Nay, Sir, returned
the Captain——if your Intentions
toward that Lady, are upon an
honourable Foundation, I wish you
all the Success your Merit de-
mands — but you must give me
leave to tell you, your manner
of addressing her, gave me very
different Ideas — and your subse-

quent Behaviour to this Gentleman, confirmed them ; but if—Here Scent interrupting him, said, why, to be sure, I have none of the Cant of your fine finicking *London Chaps*—but what of that ! I have a better Estate than half of 'em—thof, you don't see the best of me, neither—for between you and I, I have three or four Bottles of the stoutest *October* in *England*, in my Guts—and that you know, will make a Man gabble a little too fast—and if so be, you will be my Friend, and speak a good Word for me, to the young Lass, to make matters up—Why—I'll send you a Hogshead

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of the best Stingo, in the King's
Dominions, thof it were to the
farthest Brink of them, d'ye
fee!

Captain *Worthy* told him, he
feared his Interest with the Lady,
was but slender, however, did
not doubt she would readily re-
ceive his Submission, which he
would acquaint her he was ready
to make—Noa! noa! replied
the other—not now, not now—
I shall be in better Trim i'th'
Morning, and then—come, Doctor,
you mun be my Security, my
Godfather wo't—then I warrant
me, we shall all be as roight as
my

my Leg—where be your Quarters, hay?

Mr. *Placid* told him, the Lady lodged at his Father's, though did not know how he should account to her, for acquainting him with it—but upon the necessary Condition, of his making proper Atonement, for his late Conduct, which the Place they were now in, would by no means admit. — No, ecod! answered *Scent*, I should be mortal shamed before all these Folk—I'll e'en hie me to bed—for besure my Head is somewhat crazy at present—so, my noble Captain, and Doc-

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tor, I wish you may both get
as found a Nap, as I shall to
Night.—So saying, he marched
off, at the Head of his Mirmi-
dons, who all this while were
attending to the Play, till called
upon by their Commander in
Chief, to whom they payed an
implicit Obedience, for a very
usual Reason, because he always
payed their Reckoning.

Mr. Placid, and Captain Wor-
thy, returning to their Seats, where
they were very impatiently expected,
gave an Account of their Nego-
ciation to *Felicia*, and the Visit of
Expiation she was to receive next
Morning,

Morning, with which she seemed greatly disconcerted ; — but Mr. Placid remonstrated to her, they were the easiest Terms of *then* getting rid of him, and that his Impertinence might much better be dispensed with in private, than in public. — To which Captain Worthy added, it had ever been a Maxim with him, to get rid of Fools upon the easiest Terms, and hoped, upon reconsidering it, she would be of Opinion, that his *Morning Folly* must be more eligible than his *Evening*.

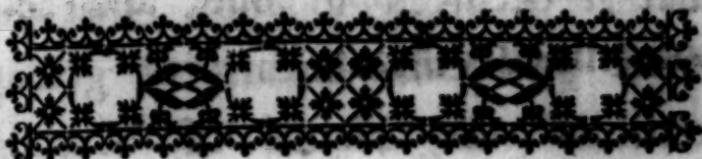
After the Play, they supped together at Mr. Placid's, where

LAHO

Mea-

36 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
Measures were concerted for the
Reception of this polite and ac-
complished Visitant.

C H A P.



C H A P. III.

*Containing some Circumstances which
the intelligent Reader might foresee
would happen.*

THOUGH Mr. Scent's Endowments were not very remarkable in their Extent, either of common Sense, or common Decency; — yet that narrow Subtlety, brutal Fools are frequently possessed of, was not so far extinguished

tinguished the preceding Night, but it occurred to him, that the most practicable means of getting out of the Hands of Captain Worthby, whose Coat, or Countenance, he did not violently accord with—was to cover his Conduct towards *Felicia*, by honorable Pretensions of his Courtship—not only as a measure to calm the Captain's growing Resentment, but facilitate his own Introduction to her, the next Day — In both these he succeeded—though the Interview did not, indeed, produce the Effects he purposed to himself—which were, the prevailing with her,

by

by a Profusion of Promises of Marriage, Settlement, &c. without farther Ceremony, to go off with him — as he elegantly termed it.

This Proposition was previously introduced, by a Conduct very different to that, she had ever observed in him before — with a Modesty, and Distance, that were too apparently constrained, not to be seen through — and were rejected by *Felicia*, with that Contempt they deserved — and strenuously objected to, by Mr. *Placid* (without whose Presence, she would not consent to receive the

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the Visit) as highly injurious to
the Lady's Honor—and if his
own was firm, ~~as~~ it ought to be
—what objection could there be,
to putting his Propositions of
Marriage, into execution *there*—
Felicia, very coolly interrupting
Mr. *Placid*, said—She knew but
of *one*—which was her want of
Inclination of longer hearkening
to them, *there*, or elsewhere—
and in saying this, left the Room
—though not without taking such
a Leave, as she thought became
the Occasion.

Scent expressed a very high
Resentment at the rejecting him,
in

in so absolute a Manner, murmuring as he left the Room, by the Wrekin ! she should repent it. From whence Mr. *Placid* conjectured, he meant the poultry Revenge of discovering where she was ; therefore advised her Removal, as expeditiously, as Convenience would admit — and which she herself had previously determined ; not merely from Mr. *Placid's* Apprehension, but to avoid the irksom Address of so disagreeable a Suitor.

Mr. *Placid* transacted his Affairs, as expeditiously as possible ; and those the Time would not admit, he

he left under the Direction of his Father—and in two Days, *Felicia* and he sat out in the Stage, for *London*; after taking leave of Captain *Worthy*, and his Lady; who the same Morning began their Journey for *Bristol*, in order to embark for *Ireland*.

Though *Felicia's* Removal was conducted with as much Caution, as possible—yet the wrathful *Quire*, who was warmly meditating Mischief—by some Emissaries he employed, obtained Notice of it—both how, and where, she was going—and determined to get her

at all Events, into his Possession — To which purpose, he hired a Chariot and Six — engaged four or five of his hunting and drinking Companions to attend him on Horseback — With the Assistance of these, and two of his own Servants, he determined, at a proper distance, to force her out of the Coach, and carry her off — This was a Scheme, precisely calculated to the Morals, and Manners of the rough brutish Undertakers; and greatly elated them, with the Prospect of their imagined Success — For obtaining which, this redoubted Cavalcade, well armed, set forward about half

half an Hour after the Coach, and at fix or seven Miles Distance, over-took and attacked it, under the specious Pretence of *Felicia's* being Sister to *Scent*, a Lady of great Fortune, inveigled away by Mr. *Placid*, from her Father and Family, in order to force her into a Marriage, or, perhaps, something worse.

This Pretext, infamous and wicked as it was, and supported by an armed Power, was sufficiently specious, to prevail either upon the Reason or Fears of the other Passengers and Coachman, not to make the least Resistance, had it been in their Power; which, indeed,

indeed, it by no means was—Nor could the repeated Cries of *Felicia*, or the earnest Remonstrances of Mr. *Placid*, obtain Remittance of the Purpose of these *Ruffians*; but they immediately dragged her out of the Coach, hurried her into the Chariot, and instantly drove off to the next cross Road.—When they imagined themselves at a sufficient Distance, to evade a Pursuit, *Scent* dismissed his Companions, concluding he might then depend upon himself and Servants.

Mr. *Placid* quitted the Coach, and going on Foot to the next small Town, raised a Posse, and, as soon as

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as Horses could be procured, followed them ; in about three Hours he overtook the Chariot, but the wished-for *Prize* was fortunately escaped ; for, driving too precipitate, and in very bad Roads, the Chariot was overturned ; by the Fall Mr. Scent's Arm was broke, and he was otherwise greatly hurt and bruised ; but, happily, *Felicia* received no other Injury than the Fright occasioned, which was quickly diffipated, by finding herself in a Situation to obtain her Freedom from the impending Ruin, which so lately hung over her—The two Servants were so busied in the Care of their Master, who, for a con-

derable

derable time, was wholly senseless, that she found herself fully at Liberty to make her Escape; which was not observed by either, till the coming up of Mr. *Placid* with his Posse, and then the Prevention was both too late and impracticable, had they attempted it.—The Humanity of this Gentleman, though extended to a most unworthy Object, immediately induced him to give his Assistance in bringing Mr. *Scent* to himself, putting him into the Chariot with one of his Servants, and making Enquiry from some of the People he had brought with him, for the Residence of the nearest Surgeon, to whom

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whom he ordered him to be imme-
diately carried, after asking some
Account from Scent's Servants (who
were unable to give it him) what
was become of the Lady?—But
judging the Fact as it was, he sent
off the Posse, except one to carry
back the Horse, to the Place he
had hired it from, and went in
search of *Felicia*, but without the
desired Effect.

Leaving Mr. *Placid*, humanely
busied in his Care for the young
Lady, it will be necessary to give
the Reader some Account of the
Distresses she incurred, though infi-
nitely short of *that* she had so lately
~~over~~ escaped.

escaped.—The Hurry of Spirits, which may be easily conjectured she was in, carried her a considerable way, without regarding either Path, or Place, for *Distance* only, was the sole Object of her Wish; to avoid the Pursuit she dreaded might be made, upon *Scent's* recovering from the Condition in which she had left him—not knowing the so severe, though just Chastisement he had received, imagining only the Fall had stunned, but not so materially hurt him, as (for *her* Preservation) it providentially had.—In this Terror and Confusion of Mind, she wandered over a Heath, near three Miles

Miles in Length, without meeting
a fingle Creature, to enquire where,
or in what part of the Country she
was; till at last, quite harassed,
and spent with the Fatigue of
both Mind and Body—toward the
End of it, she found herself under
the Necessity to stop, and sit down,
in this barren Place, for a short
Respite, to enable her to get on,
till she should find some House,
or meet any Person that would
kindly direct her to one—but
after an Hour's tedious Expecta-
tion, she was still obliged to fol-
low the uncertain Steps of Chance
for her Guide; which brought her,
after walking near three Miles
farther,

farther, to a small Cot, into which she could not get Entrance; all its Inhabitants being abroad—therefore, was obliged to sit down upon the Sill of the Door, for, to attempt going on, she found herself wholly unable.—After continuing there some time, the Mistress of the Place came, from whom she procured a little Milk, and a hard Lodging, for that Night—it being then too late, and her Spirits too far exhausted, to propose moving,

Here she continued till the following Morning, with little Consolation, more than what the

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pleasing Ideas gave her, of being
delivered from the imminent
Danger, which had threatened
her. — These Reflections, and
wearied Nature, contributed, in
despite of the Poverty, and In-
difference of her Lodging, to
afford a tolerable Night's Rest—
which she was obliged to take,
without undressing, upon a Matras,
and some Hay. — Coarse as
the Entertainment was, yet it
gave, what was not to be procured
without it, a fresh Fund of Spi-
rits, for the following Day, and
enabled her to undertake a second
Expedition on Foot, in order to
gain the next Town, there to be
provided

provided with some kind of Carriage, which was by no means to be obtained, where she was.— A Boy, even, was with Difficulty got, to shew her the best, and nearest Way; with whom, after another short Meal, of only Milk, the whole Sustenance she had received, since her leaving Gloucester; she sat out with her Guide, who escorted her safe, to the proposed Place—where she procured some tolerable Accommodation both for herself, and the more easy prosecuting her Journey.

Too much time was now elapsed, to think of overtaking

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the Coach, and there was no
other Conveyance to be had, but
riding behind a Man, with whom
she agreed for that Purpose.—
Nothing material occurred during
this Part of the Journey.

She not only having left in the
Stage-Coach, the few Clothes, she
brought with her, from Sir *Edward Haunch's*, but being greatly
fond of her good Friend,
Mr. Placid, ordered the Fellow
who rode before her, upon
their coming into *London*, to
enquire where the *Gloucester*
Coach put up, which, with some
Difficulty,

Difficulty, getting informed of, directed him to carry her thither —where we shall now leave her safely arrived.





C H A P. IV.

The Scene changes from London to Shropshire.

IT becomes necessary in this Place, to recur a little, to some other principal Characters of our History, in the Families of Sir *Harry Herald*, and his Brother-Baronet.

The younger Mr. *Herald*, after several Days fruitless search after
Felicia,

Felicia, returned home—with visible Marks of Disappointment, and Despondency—the Occasion of which, his Father, and Uncle, too readily conjectured, to make an Inquiry into. The latter, however, after having very warmly expostulated with him upon it—told him, he perceived he wantonly persisted in his Disobedience; and that it plainly appeared from his most extraordinary Dejection, and languid Countenance, that all Advice was thrown away upon him; and, continuing the Severity of his Harangue—why the Fellow's *doubly* a Fool, said he—in pushing a good Estate from him; and going mad after a Wench,

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that does not care Two-pence
for him —— but has fairly taken
to her Heels, and run away,
on purpose to get rid of him—
If You are in love with Brats
and Beggary, the *Girl*, you see,
has more Understanding; and is
marched off, in search of a
better Market.

His Nephew, not thinking it
prudent to irritate him farther,
said, could I retain a Passion, Sir,
for a Woman of so mean, and
narrow a Mind, I should then
merit the same Contempt she
would—And should those prove
her Sentiments, you would quickly
have

have Reason to hold a very different Opinion, from *that*, you are at present pleased to have.

Sir, replied his Uncle, pettishly, I am at present, pleased to have just such an Opinion of you, as you seem at present, pleased to *deserve*—and when I find you alter your *Conduct*, I shall alter my *Opinion*—and begin as soon as you will, depend upon it, I'll keep Pace with you.

—Charles told him, he might rest satisfied, his Conduct should always be exactly conformable to that of a Man of Honor—Yes, Sir, returned Mr. Herald, but

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but perhaps you and I may think
very differently, what the Word
Honor means. I presume, Sir,
said the other, Every Gentleman
considers it in the same View—
I presume *not*, Sir, retorted the
old Man — I'll answer for it,
you and I consider it in very
different Views; you think it
consistent with your Honor to
this Girl (provided she had
maintained her's with you) to
keep yours with her—now I
think it consistent with your
Honor to *me*, to break it—Here
they were interrupted, by a Ser-
vant bringing word, Dinner was
upon Table.

When

When the Cloth was drawn, young Mr. *Herald* was greatly apprehensive, his Father, or Uncle, especially, would renew the Subject, which had preceded Dinner — but was fortunately relieved from that Fear, by a Servant bringing him word, the young Lad, mentioned in a former Chapter, to have been taken under his Patronage, was come to pay him his Duty, and Compliment of leave — being obliged, the next Day, to set forward on his Journey back to *London*; in prosecution of those Studies, he was so benevolent to support him in — The young Gentleman ordered

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ordered him into his Closet—
well pleased at the Occasion of
being released from his Appre-
hensions ——— and immediately
withdrew.

Sir Harry, and his Brother,
expressed great Satisfaction at the
Disappointment Charles met with,
in his Pursuit of Felicia — both
uniting in their hopes, that it
might prove a means, after some
time, to disengage his Affections
— and Mr. Herald repeated the
Opinion he had given his Ne-
phew—that Felicia's withdrawing
herself, in so extraordinary a man-
ner, was an evident Proof of
her

her Indifference — How far he was right in his Conjecture, will more fully appear to the Reader, when he is informed of the Conversation that occurred between the Nephew, and his young Charge—which we rather choose to furnish him with, than the subsequent Conjectures of the two old Gentlemen; as not being so immediately conducive to the carrying on our History.

The young Lad had collected from the Family—Secrets, which were whispered from the Steward, down to the Stable-Boy, namely, the whole Transaction relating to his
Patron,

Patron, and *Felicia*—and the Copy of the Letter she had wrote to *Meliora*, being, by some Accident, left at his Mother's House, where *Felicia* had lodged during her stay for a Passage to Gloucester, had fallen into his Hands — and comparing the Circumstances he had heard related, with the Matter contained in that Letter; and recollecting the Alteration of Countenance in *Felicia*, at being informed by him, that Mr. *Herald* was the Gentleman to whom he was obliged for his Education—these, conjunctively, made him suggest she must be the Woman, who had given his worthy

worthy Benefactor so much Anxiety — and that the Account he was capable of giving him, of the Place to which she had bent her Course, might probably afford him some Ease — at least, he considered it as a Circumstance, which would give him an Occasion of testifying that Duty, and Regard, he thought himself obliged to manifest. — Therefore, after having expressed his Concern for not having had the Honor of seeing him before, since his Arrival in the Country, — and for that apparent Inquietude, and Alteration of Countenance he observed, when he saw him

him ride by his Mother's House— told him, he hoped he would have the Goodness to pardon him, for presuming to say, he had great Reason to conclude, that the young Lady, who had *caused* that Inquietude, was at the time he passed the House, then in it, waiting for a Passage to *Gloucester*, in her way to *London*.

Mr. *Herald*, with a Mixture of Pleasure and Surprise, asked him, how he came by the Information of any Affair, relative to a Lady? And if there *was* such a one, what Motives he had, to suggest she was at his Mother's, at the time

and Sir Edward Haunch. 67

time he had mentioned? To these Demands, the Lad answered, with the utmost Deference — that the Information he had received, was from no one particular Person — but from the general Whispers of the Family — and this Paper, Sir, continued he, which I found after she was gone, (presenting him the Copy of the Letter) makes me presume *her*, the very Lady.

Mr. *Herald*, after reading the Letter, and observing the Boy under great Confusion, said, my worthy honest Lad, be not under any Apprehension — thou hast ren-
dered

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dered me a most satisfactory Service, by thy Penetration and Integrity, in making known to me, a Circumstance, I was truly anxious to be resolved in.—This Letter makes it evident, beyond doubt, it was as thou hast suggested—Communicate this to no Person breathing, not even your Mother.

—You set out for *London* Tomorrow—I shall be there as early, or perhaps earlier than you—I shall there have Occasion for thy farther Service, and Assistance—which this Accident may, possibly, put it in thy Power to afford me.—And, after making him a handsom Present, dismissed him.

Barb

This

This Incident, with his Resolution of directly going to *London*, he forthwith made known to his Brother—who was too intimately acquainted with his Heart, to throw even the slightest Objection in the way—except *that*, of his fear of being properly supplied with Money for his own Exigences, as well as those of *Felicia's*, should he be fortunate enough to meet with her.—But this Objection was no sooner made, than obviated—by telling him, he was pretty well assured, a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, would advance whatever Sum was necessary, upon his Security—that he would immediately

ately apply to him—but thought, there was yet something farther to be done, which had been heretofore mentioned, but not put into Execution—the having a reversionary Deed of Conveyance from *him*, drawn up, and signed, before the other left the Country, of his Uncle's Estate—provided, as he had declared, he should, in Resentment of his Brother's persisting in his Passion, revoke the Settlement, as it then stood, and transfer it to *him*—that at this Crisis, it became indispensable, because *that* being secured, it must prove a prevailing Circumstance with *Felicia*, to compleat

pleat his Wishes, since the Tenderness, and Delicacy of her Fears, in proving pernicious to his future Fortune, had been the sole Objection, to their Consummation—and would also conciliate his own Mind, in putting out every Possibility, of plunging the Woman he loved, into any Difficulties of Mind, or Person.

This great, and, 'tis to be feared, unexampled Instance of fraternal Regard, was received with the Acknowledgments such exalted Friendship called for, and was put into Execution with all the Secrecy and Dispatch the Nature of the Thing would

would admit, though not with so much as the Impatience of the Lover required, who considered the intermediate Space as a kind of Blank in *Time*, in which that *old Gentleman* had morosely blunted the Edge of his Scythe, and reversed his usual Course—But Lovers have whimsical Heads, and fondly imagine, not only *Time*, but even *Place*, should vary its Situation to gratify their Wishes.

During the time of transacting the above Busines, Mr. Scent was brought home, pretty well recovered from the Punishment so justly inflicted upon him, for the purposed

Violence upon *Felicia*; whose being accompanied to *London* by Mr. *Placid*, now became generally known throughout the Neighbourhood — *Scent* having thrown out indirect and broken Hints of it, as an Affair injurious to both their Reputations; and, in attempting to prevent which, he had received those Hurts he then laboured under.

A Report of this kind, was a matter of too much Triumph, to Mr. *Charles Herald the elder*, not to exult upon, to his Nephew, the instant it came to his Knowledge — and he did not

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omit the severest Exaggerations he
could suggest.

The *Casuists*, in love Affairs,
have hitherto, left it an undeter-
mined Point, whether Jealousy be
a *blameable*, or *commendable* Passion
—whether it reflects the largest
Portion of Dishonor on the *sus-
picious*, or *suspected*, where Guilt
does not prove to be the Source
of such Inquietude—Nor should
it seem strange, that a Disquisi-
tion so extremely nice in its Na-
ture, should yet remain unresolved
The Lover who hears a
Tale, supported by concurring
Circumstances (no matter whe-
ther

ther rational or not) which convey but the slightest Glimmerings of Taint, upon the Character of the desired Object, would perhaps, be arraigned with *Indifference* and *Neglect*, not to feel the warmest Sensibility, and an instantaneous Alarm at it.—Or, on the other Side the *Question*, be reproached, with harbouring such pernicious, and *mean* Ideas, where *Honor* demanded a more ingenuous, and enlarged Opinion—Yet I am induced to think, those who are most *passionately* acquainted with Sentiments of Love, will be apt to confess themselves, even upon very slender Motives, if not

agitated with *absolute Jealousy*, yet warmed into a Tumult of Mind, but little inferior to it. — But this appearing a Kind of Distinction, without much Difference — I believe 'tis better to leave it, where I found it, and not undertake its Definition.

CHAP.

— Yet



CHAP. V.

Containing some Incidents, which,
to many Readers, may appear un-
natural.

THE Lover of Felicia, may,
perhaps, appear to some,
an Instance, to others, an Exception,
to being ranked in the Class
of Admirers, mentioned toward
the end of the preceding Chapter.—He was, indeed, stimulated
with a stronger Impatience than

E 3 before,

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before, to hasten to London—
and become *self-resolved*, if pos-
sible, of Reports, which though
they *alarmed*, could not pro-
perly be said to make him
doubt—But when his Uncle in-
veighed with farcastical Warmth
upon *Felicia's* late Conduct, as a
Proof of the Suggestions he had
formed of her—his Bosom
swelled with a generous Indig-
nation, and Contempt, of such
infidious Rumors — and his own
Weakness, in suffering them to
intrude upon his Quiet, made
him a-while, deliberate upon
calling Mr. Scent to an Account
as the Author—But reflecting
that

that the Situation, in which he then was, rendered him incapable of answering such a Summons, made him decline the Thought of it—and applied himself wholly to expedite the Means, for taking his intended Journey—which, when put into Execution, convinced his Uncle, that the Invectives he had thrown out against *Felicia*, were wholly ineffectual, toward carrying their intended Purpose; and served only to give an additional Heat to that Fire, he had hoped to extinguish—So determined a Perseverance in Error —(for such his Uncle considered this amorous Attachment) admis-

nisted fresh Matter of Resentment, and Indignation; renewing his Resolution with great Warmth of disannulling the Settlement he had made, and transferring it to his elder Brother:—Which, when he again communicated to him, he, as before, used all the dissuasive Arguments imaginable to prevent — intreating him, for sometime, to suspend the Execution of it—and urging the old Gentleman's Opinion of *Felicia's* Conduct, as a motive for such a Suspension; since, when his Brother should, himself, receive but the slightest Inducement to coincide with that Opinion—

badilia

he

he was well assured, every *softer* Sentiment, would be exchanged for just *Abhorrence*, and *Contempt*.

To this, the Uncle listened with some Attention — and his Passion began to subside, into a gentler, and more affectionate Disposition — for the sudden Harshness of Temper, to which he was so frequently subjected, was, indeed, but the disturbed surface of his Mind, which the least blast of Opposition ruffled into a Storm; ever ready to rise from those latent Motives, mentioned toward the beginning of

this History. But the Course, *unmolested Nature* had prescribed, was calmer, and more disposed to the smooth Tides of *Humanity*. These cooler Reflections immediately determined him, to follow his Nephew to *London*, in the hope, he should there be better capable of discovering the imagined Correspondence between *Mr. Placid*, and *Felicia*—and by that Means, more amply demonstrate to his Nephew, the Folly and Madness, in pursuing so destructive a Passion.

This Resolution he communicated to his Brother, the Baronet,

net, who, from a Parent's natural Tenderness, and Affection, for a Son, was rejoiced at any Means proposed to rescue him from an Act, he judged so highly injurious to his Honor, and future Welfare;—yet, was greatly solicitous, he should be present at the Marriage of his eldest Son; for which all Things were now adjusted, in a manner agreeable to the Wishes of every Party, but the two, *principally* concerned, *Alfred* and *Meliora*—who had mutually resolved it should be deferred, till the Situation of their Friends Affairs had a more pleasing Aspect—And when at a meeting

meeting of the two Baronets, and the Lovers, it was proposed a Day should be named for the Solemnization—*Alfred* said, he thought it would (if the Day was capable of receiving any additional Joy) contribute to it, in a most essential Manner, to have a Reconciliation first brought about, between his Father, Uncle, and Brother—which he flattered himself a short time might produce.—That he hoped the Lady would do him the Justice to conclude, he committed the severest Violence upon his Wishes, in making so uncourtly a Proposition; and had that high Opinion of her

her Delicacy, she would consider it with that Refinement of Thinking, so conspicuous in her.

Meliora, to cover from the old Gentlemen her real Motive,—replied, with an artificial Smile, she applauded such generous Sentiments of Brotherly Affection—that she had no Claim to that Share in the Gentleman's Heart, Nature had so properly bestowed upon his Brother—and should return him the Compliment in reserving a Corner of hers, for the Reception of a female Friend—And since they both maintained this discretionary Power, she saw no great Danger in a short Delay.

This

This Reply was considered by both the Baronets, as a Rebuke of the same cold Complexion, with *his* Indifference — merely to retaliate upon him a parallel Conduct — but which *secretly* covered a Warmth of Resentment, which both were apprehensive, might be attended with disagreeable Circumstances.

Meliora, perceiving their Countenances clouded with disapprobation, at what *Alfred* had declared; in consequence of their previous Resolutions concerted between them two — and that her Answer was looked upon by both

both the old Gentlemen rather as a *Reproof*, than *Approval*, of her Lover's Sentiments—thought it necessary to come to an Explanation, that carried more Solemnity with it, and that should appear the Result of her most serious Reflection—Therefore, very gravely addressing herself, to Sir *Edward* and the other Baronet, said, She was apprehensive she had, with too much Levity, treated the extensive Thinking of her Lover.—That the Man who could carry his *Friendship* to so just and elevated Heights, could alone be susceptible of the purest, and

and most exalted Ideas in *Love*.

—And if the general Tenor of Mr. *Herald's* Conduct, as a Man of Honor, Virtue and Truth, had before made just Impression's upon her Mind, this *peculiar* Instance of it, had strengthned, and confirmed them, unalterably.—

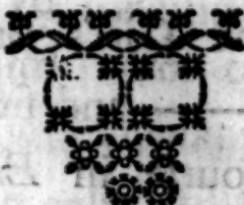
That she must powerfully join with him, in the Request — nay, hoped she should be pardoned in saying,—she *insisted* upon its being granted.—That a reverse Conduct, would, on *his* side, not only carry all the Marks of a cold *Disregard* to his Brother's present, unhappy Situation, but an insulting Triumph.

Sir

Sir Harry told her, the whole female History of the first Families in *Europe*, could not furnish a similar Example of such *Heroism* of Heart—and the Blood that flowed in her's, was pure and undefiled, as ever ran in regal Channels.—Her Father too, though in a less pompous Phrase, united in the Applause, and said, Why, faith, Sir Harry, I think the Girl's sound, Wind, and Limb—and fit to be tried upon any Course in *England*—and when that's the Case, it does not signify the Smack of a Whip, what's the Breed.

In

In compliance to the joint Remonstrances of *Alfred* and *Meliora*, their Marriage was deferred.—The Uncle followed his Nephew to *London*—and Matters remained in the Country, almost in a state of Inactivity.





C H A P. VI.

*Measures concerted between Felicia
and Mr. Placid.*

THE Reader's Curiosity, (and, we are induced to think, his Concern) is, by this time, warmed into some Impatience, to be made acquainted with the new Situation *Felicia* was embarked in, and with what kind of Aspect her Fortune seemed to regard her.

When

When she came to the Inn, where the Coach put up, Mr. *Placid*, to her great Disappointment, had not left Word, where he was to be enquired after, which threw her under much Perplexity, to determine in what manner to bestow herself; having depended upon his Assistance and Advice, in that Particular—It being then late, she could not come to any other Resolution, than continuing there, that Night—leaving it to the next Day, to provide a proper Place of Residence.

The Gentleman, in whose Hands her little Fortune was, would have been the fittest Person to have

have applied to, on this Occasion, but that it must have proved the Means of discovering to Sir Edward Haunch's Family, where she was—for this Gentleman, she knew, transacted all his Affairs in London, and though he must in some little time be applied to, when the scanty Provision of Money, she was Mistress of, was expended, she considered, there would then be no Necessity of making him acquainted, in what Part of the Town she lived—or that the State of Things, in the Country, might by that time, have taken some different Turn, which should render her Cau-

tion

tion less necessary—she therefore applied herself to the Woman of the Inn, to recommend her to some sober Family, where she might both lodge and board; who very ingenuously told her, she feared it would be difficult to prevail upon People of Credit and Reputation, to receive into their House, a single Woman, who had neither Relations nor Acquaintance in Town, to speak to her Character—that she had, indeed, all the *Appearances* of a very sober discreet Body, but that, to be sure, it had a very odd look, for a young, handsom Woman, to come *alone*, to a Public-Inn in

London,

London, to enquire after a Lodging, without so much as naming one Person, that could give any Account of her.

These Objections had too much Reason and Truth in them, either for *Felicia's* Resentment, or a sufficient Reply; and that which she did make, was no other than a Confession of the Justice of them—followed with a sudden flow of Tears, not only from her Delicacy of Mind, in being reduced to the Necessity of receiving so *indelicate* a Remonstrance, but from the Exigence

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and Difficulty it drove her to, in
finding any Reception.

There is a native Simplicity in
distressed *Innocence*; Guilt is un-
able to affect, which gains an
immediate Credit with the Mind.

—Such was the Influence *Fedi-
cia's* had, with the Mistress of
the House, and was so strongly
prevalent in her favour, she forth-
with threw aside her prudential
Cautions—telling her, there was
something so modestly winning,
in her Person and Behaviour, she
was sure could not cover any
Deceit—and therefore, she would,
herself, be Surety for her to a
Neigh-

Neighbour, she believed had Convenience both to board and lodge her—and she would directly go, and make Enquiry about it.—

Felicia thanked her for this obliging Confidence in her favour—adding, she hoped the Family she was about applying to, were such as were moderate in their Manner of Living—for the little she was Mistress of, was unequal to entering into an expensive one—The other replied, the Person she intended speaking to, lived in a decent, clean kind, but was none of your flighty Folks, and was the very Sort of Body that would suit her.—Put on your

Things, and step with me, 'tis
a small Distance, and in as quiet
a Street as any in *London*—O!
I know it's the very thing.

Felicia accompanied her Con-
ductress to the Place, of which
she approved, and the Conditions
proposed—continuing there, with-
out returning to the Inn, where
the following Day, Mr. *Placid*
came, in his proper Habit, to
enquire after her—having thought
it needless to have done it earlier,
or to have left any previous Di-
rection, concluding she could not
have been got to Town before
that time—and using Names, he
judged

judged fruitless, as improper—
very justly supposing, her own
Caution would prevent any Knowledge
arising from thence—there-
fore only described her *Person*, as
fully as possible, and the Circumstance of her being taken out
of the Coach by *Scent*—which he
naturally imagined must have been
spoke of by the Coachman—with
the farther Indication of her
Clothes being left behind, which
she would certainly be induced to
come, and enquire after.—These
concurring Accounts, readily con-
vinced the Landlady, *Felicia* was
the Person he enquired after; and
very ceremoniously told him, if

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he pleased, she believed she could conduct him, to the young Gentlewoman he wanted, and accordingly went with him.

After the mutual Compliments Good-breeding demanded, Mr. *Placid*, with a warm Benevolence of Heart, that does Honor to human Nature, congratulated *Felicia*, upon her escape from that Danger, which had so imminently hung over her Head—relating the Measures he had taken to rescue her from it, had not the overturning of the Chariot, so providentially, put it in her own Power; but telling her, he was apprehensive

she

she must have undergone great Fatigue and Difficulty, in so remote a Part of the Country, before she met with any tolerable Accommodation, or Convenience, to pursue her Journey—the Particulars of which she gave him—adding, that though she reflected with Indignation and Horror, upon the infamous Purpose, Mr. *Scent* had meditated, yet she hoped, Heaven had not so rigorously punished him, to destroy *Life*, but had spared him, for that serious Reflection and Amendment, so depraved a Mind stood in need of.

Mr. *Placid* told her, her humane, and generous Wishes were, in Part, gratified, and there remained no other Danger, than the Want of just Reflection upon the Inequality of the Punishment he had received, to the intentional, and shocking Mischief, *that* Punishment had prevented — and though Mr. *Scent* was not the most remarkable, for that kind of Behaviour, the polite World called elegant—yet he feared him so far tainted with what was fashionably termed *Gallantry*—that with too many other young Fellows of Fortune, he did not consider the Ruin of

of Women, infamous, or even
reproachable.

Felicia said, however fashionable such pernicious Principles might be held by some, she was sure there were Men, who stood in the first Rank of Politeness and Elegance, that considered them with that Detestation and Contempt, they so justly merited.

Mr. *Placid* told her, he was far from giving his Opinion, as general—that he knew Instances of very opposite Sentiments—and it was greatly to be lamented when such Gentlemen, who had imbibed

them, were restrained by the unequal Distributions of Fortune, from doing that Justice to Beauty and Virtue, such Sentiments suggested—adding, he hoped the Trust and Confidence, she had reposed in him, would apologize for the Liberty of asking her, if such a Man should prosecute his Attempts, towards rewarding those Merits in *her*, by following her to *London*, which he imagined would certainly prove the Case, what Resolutions she had taken upon so critical an Occasion?—She answered, the same Resolution which had hitherto supported her, in the Principles of Truth and Equity,

Equity, in Opposition to the tender Calls of Love—and had induced the precipitate Retreat she made, from his farther Sollicitation, would still induce her, by all possible Methods, to avoid any Interview, should it prove as he suggested, and she herself too much feared.—And, if by any Chance, Mr. *Herald* should discover where she was, she hoped those Resolutions would be equally capable, of maintaining their former Strength—though such a Trial I think improbable, since he can scarce receive any Intimation whether I bent my Course, or should he know it was to *London*, the

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Difficulty of finding one, not known to three Persons in it, and determined to be seen by none out of this House, seems almost insuperable.—There is, indeed, one possible Means occurs, this Instant to me, his getting Knowledge at Sir *Edward's*, of the Gentleman, in whose Hands my shattered Fortune remains—to avoid which, I must farther trespass upon your generous Friendship, to wait upon him, with a written Order from me, for the Payment of the Interest now due—and hereafter, in your Absence, I must trust to some future happy Chance, for providing Means to continue

and Sir Edward Haunch. 107
continue the same cautious Con-
duct, in secreting from that
Gentleman, where I am.

Mr. Placid told her, if the Prospects which brought him to London were not defeated, in his promised Preferment there, she would have no Occasion for recourse to any other Person, since he should be ever proud to render her *that*, and any other Service in his Power—but he could not help dissenting from her, in Opinion, that Mr. Herald's only probable Means of discovering her, would be by an Enquiry of *that Gentleman*—since not only Mr,
Scent,

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Scent, but his Servants, knowing
she was taken out of the Gloucester Coach, the latter, it was
most probable, would be apt to tattle of it in the Neighbourhood
—he himself, indeed, might be induced from some Sparks of Decency,
to be silent—but Servants too generally had but little Regard,
either to their own, or their Masters Reputations, therefore
would scarce remain silent—and Mr. Herald, it might be concluded,
would not be inactive in obtaining Information—and should he follow to London, having received any such, of her being in
the Gloucester Coach—it seemed highly

and Sir Edward Haunch. 149

highly probable, his first Enquiry would be at the Inn, where *that* put up—and as to any Confidence which might be reposed in the Woman who kept it, he feared, she might too readily be bribed out of it—therefore thought her Removal absolutely necessary, since, she remained determined in the Opinion of not coming to an Interview with Mr. *Herald*.

That, *Felicia* said, was, indeed, a Danger she had not apprehended—but now appeared obvious, and must be forthwith prevented—Mr. *Placid* made Offer of procuring

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euring her a proper Place, amongst
some of his Acquaintance—and
said he had purposed it upon his
coming to the Inn, and was sur-
prised to find her so immediately
provided—She said, the World
was too apt to be busy in its
general Censure, but upon Gentle-
men of his Profession, were *par-
ticularly* forward, in their indulg-
ing an invidious Appetite.—And
his humane Partiality in her Ser-
vice, might be attended with some
malevolent Insinuations, which she
thought both for *his*, and her
own Sake, would be better avoided
—that the friendly, and necessary
Caution he had suggested, had
now

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now brought to her Memory a Person, she could confide in, and with whom she was sure to remain, in Secrecy ;—and nothing but the Agitation of Spirits, she had so long been harassed with, could have prevented her earliest Application there—it was to another foster Parent, though not equally happy in Circumstance, with him she was banished from, namely, the poor Woman who had nursed her, and from whom she had constantly received an annual Letter, ever since her being under the Protection of Sir *Edward Haunch*—and to whose Care, her Father again committed her, (her Mother

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Mother being dead) when his
Misfortunes obliged him, sud-
denly, for some time, to quit the
Kingdom.

Mr. *Placid* said, he thought
she could not be in a more
secure Retreat, and desired she
would give him Directions where
she was to be met with, and
he would take care to find,
and send her—since going to
make the Enquiry herself, would
be attended with Difficulty,
from her Want of Knowledge
of the Town; nor was that
the only Inconvenience, which
might occur, to an entire Stran-
ger.

ger. —— This was mutually concluded on, and he then took his leave.

CHAP. XLV



CHAP.



C H A P. VII.

*Calculated to keep the Reader in
Suspence.*

M^{R.} Placid's Advice for
the Removal of Felicia,
from the Lodgings she had first
taken, was very critically judged;
for in about three Hours after
she was gone, her Lover came
to Town; and, as had been sug-
gested he would, immediately went
to

and Sir Edward Haunch. 115
to the Inn——received Information from the Mistress of it, where she *imagined* she was; for she had then no Intimation of her being removed, nor Caution given her, to keep it secret; that becoming unnecessary, from the sudden, and new Dispositions which were taken.

It will readily be conjectured, with what Warmth, and Emotion, he hastened to the expected Pleasure of such a Meeting —— and with what Dejection of Spirit, he received the Account of her having been gone, not above three, or four Hours

Hours—and without leaving the least Intimation, or Trace of being found—and all he there collected, relative to her going but added to the Severity of the Disappointment, by being informed she went away, after a very short Notice, in a Hackney-Coach, with a *Clergyman*, who had before been there.

If, *ever*, he that Instant, felt a short Pang of Jealousy—but the high Sentiments he had so long entertained of her Virtue, and Delicacy of Mind, immediately repulsed so injurious a Thought; and again renewed those Ideas,

alsoH

she

she was so justly entitled to—
And, upon reflecting also, that
Mr. *Placid* was a Married-man,
the *self-reproach* he felt, became
as painful, and more lasting than
that, he had so unjustly, though
momentarily, thrown upon *her*.

Recovered therefore, from this
Lapse of his violated Faith—and
every tender Transport of the
Lover returning; he eagerly hurried
into the City, to make Enquiry
of the Merchant, who was her
Trustee.—But, there too, it be-
came fruitless, he not having seen,
or, till then, heard of her being
in Town—There was now no other
remaining

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remaining Hope (and that a very
glimmering and unsubstantial one)
but from the Youth he had taken
under his Patronage—who was,
for the present, to quit the pur-
suit of his Studies, and follow
another more difficult, and absurd,
than even the utmost *Extrava-
gancy*, or *Pedantry* of the Schools
ever yet invented. — But 'tis a
matter of little wonder, *Cupid*
should run madding after empty and
ridiculous Searches, when most ve-
nerable *Sages* have been known
to spend their whole Lives, in as
senseless Vagaries.

Im-

Improbable, and arduous, as this Task appeared, the Employer, and Employed, were almost equally sanguine in the undertaking it; the young Lad, considering no Difficulties severe, or even insurmountable, his *Patron* should think fit to direct his attempting; from that just, and grateful Sense he retained, of his beneficent, and humane Regards to him — but apt and ready as he was to execute any Commission, should be given him — his Commander was involved in perplexing Doubts, and Intricacies, what Measures were to be taken, for commencing the Enterprize; and, all which were

were suggested, appeared equally liable to be defeated—But *Heroes*, intent upon Victory, spurn at all Opposition—and each Improbability seems lessened, in proportion to the Merit to be obtained in acquiring the wished-for Wreath.

In pursuance of this Purpose, various Expedients were tried —Art, and Industry exercised, in their utmost Extent — but their strongest, and repeated Efforts proving wholly ineffectual, Recourse was again had to the Gentleman in the City; on the presumption, that from the time which

which was since lapsed, *Felicia's* Affairs must have rendered it absolutely necessary, to make her Application there; and the Suggestion was rational as true—for Application *had* been made, though not personally from *her*.

Mr. *Herald* received Information that a *Clergyman*, whose Name was *Placid*, had been there, with an Order under her Hand, for the receiving what Money was then due to her—but was not to be prevailed on, to give any Intimation, to Mr. *Fairfax* (which was the Name of the Merchant) where she was to be seen, or
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spoke with; though he had urged it in the most pressing Terms—seconded by Assurances, of rendering her any Services in his Power, in Memory of her dead Father; for whom he had ever held a very high REGARD, and ESTIMATION—and should be glad of an Occasion to manifest that Esteem, to his Daughter; and more especially, as Mr. Placid had represented her to him, in a very amiable Light; for that Superiority, and Delicacy of Mind, she had manifested in the whole Progress of her Conduct, relative to Mr. Herald; and to avoid whom, though passionately.

onately in love with him, she had thrown herself into the most perplexing Difficulties, and Dangers—and now suffered herself, rather to be immured, than subjected, by appearing abroad, to the hazard of his discovering her; lest her fond Partiality in his Favour, should induce her to consent to those pressing Instances, she was conscious he would make her for a Marriage, which would so highly incur the Displeasure, both of his Father, and Uncle; from which last, he had such extensive Expectations.—These favourable Representations induced Mr. Fairfax to say, he would

gladly give her the Protection
of his House——and desired
Mr. *Placid* would pay her his
Compliments; and give her such
an Invitation, in his Name—to
which he with great Pleasure
assented, and said, he should use
what Power he had with her,
to accept of, as the most eligible
thing she could possibly do—but
begged to be excused, giving
him, then, an Account where
she might be seen; since he had
received an Injunction from her,
to keep the Place of her Resi-
dence an inviolable Secret—
which, he made no doubt, upon
her knowing his generous In-
tentions,

tentions, she would no longer wish should be kept so from him.

This Detail Mr. *Fairfax* made to Mr. *Herald*—adding, that he had not since seen the Gentleman, from whom he received it, to know the young Lady's Resolution — therefore yet remained an utter Stranger where she was.

Mr. *Herald* apologized for the Trouble he had given him, and took his Leave—not displeased with the Probability, remote as it was, of *Felicia*'s accepting this Gentleman's humane Proposition;

and by that means, of his gaining Access to her; fully determined to set his young Envoy upon this new Scheme of Observation. When he returned to his Lodgings, where this juvenile Minister paid constant Attendance——he furnished him with proper Directions, for reviving the Plan of vigilant Attendance, which for a while had subsided, from its want of Success, and apparent Impracticability——but the present Views seemed to flatter with more sanguine Hopes; [and he had immediate Orders, to give his closest Application, to watch the

House of Mr. Fairfax; that should *Felicia* make that her Refuge, he might have immediate Notice.—But this proved as abortive, as every other Measure, which had been pursued toward discovering her—though it was attended with another Circumstance, of some Success; for by this Means, he received Intelligence of his Uncle's being in Town; who was brought to that House upon the same Occasion, which had carried him thither, and to as little purpose, both *there* and at the Inn.

Mr. *Fairfax*, made the same Recital to the Uncle, he had before to the Nephew—and having noticed the peculiarity of Behaviour in the latter, in those mixed Emotions of Pleasure, and Disappointment, so evident in his Countenance, at the Account of Mr. *Placid's* Conduct—together with the Relation of the Permanence, yet Delicacy of the Passion of his Mistress; and the Chagreen at the Improbability of recovering her—had concluded *him* to be the Lover; and acquainted his Uncle, who made himself known, of his Nephew's
having

having been there, upon the same Occasion.

If the Account given by Mr. Fairfax gave fresh Strength, to the tender Impressions in the Heart of the young Gentleman, they also contributed, greatly, to soften those severe ones the elder had conceived, in the Disfavour both of *Felicia* and Mr. *Placid*; and they now held a more candid Place in his Opinion—
Mr. Fairfax assured him, should the young Lady accept the Invitation, he had made her, he should think it a Duty incumbent on him, as he was

himself a Parent, to give him the earliest Intimation of it—that he might pursue such Measures, as he should judge most proper upon the Occasion.

The young Lad, who was in waiting, continued upon his Post of Observation, 'till Mr. *Herald* returned out of the House, to be more fully convinced it was the Uncle of his Patron; whom he had seen only once before, in the Country, and was justly apprehensive, by so superficial a View, as seeing him stand at the Door, so short a space, as being let in, that he might be liable

liable to be mistaken—therefore upon his coming away, followed, and viewed him more minutely, till he went into a Hackney-coach—got up behind it, and saw him enter the House, where he lodged, and being fully convinced, hastened instantly to give his Master notice of it.





C H A P. VIII.

An unexpected Discovery.

IN a Conversation between Mr. *Placid*, and *Felicia*, he acquainted her with the hospitable Proposition Mr. *Fairfax* had made, of receiving her under his Protection, and offered it as his Opinion and Advice; that the accepting it would prove the most prudential Step she could take—very properly urging, that the

the Place she now resided in, though it might merely serve the Purpose of her remaining undiscovered, yet could not, in the Bounds of Probability, answer any other subsequent salutary End --but that from various Considerations, it appeared to him, every concurring Circumstance, induced the embracing so advantageous a Proposal—And, as *that* Gentleman was perfectly acquainted with the circumscribed Situation of her Fortune, he could have no pecuniary Views, in soliciting her making his House an Affylum, and his having determined to make it such in the strictest Sense,

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Sense, must have been his sole
Motive to the Offer.

Felicia told him, as to the obliging, and humane Intention of Mr. *Fairfax*, she considered it in the same benevolent Light, he did—but the Objections on her own part, stood in the full force with her, which, they did, upon her first coming to Town—that making an Application of Refuge to that Gentleman, must be considered as an *oblique* Intention of being discovered, while she *affected* to remain in secret—and such an Imputation, she was convinced,

vinced, he could not wish should be thrown upon her.

Mr. Placid said, her own Conduct had removed the very Objection she started, by the cautious Affiduity she had used, in avoiding any remote Imputation of that sort, from her apparent Disinclination of applying to Mr. Fairfax, of which, he himself, must always remain an uncontroveted Testimony—and even Censure itself, must admit, there was a very material Difference, between her soliciting such a Reception, and Mr. Fairfax having made her the *Invitation* to it—

Felicia

Felicia answered, she had as little Reason to diffide in his Judgment, as his candid and humane Regards to her Welfare, and Interest—therefore, should implicitly resign herself to his Direction—desiring he would yet add to those beneficent Offices, he had already done her, in paying her Compliment of Acceptance and Thanks, to Mr. Fairfax, and if it proved agreeable to him, she would the following Day, wait upon him, and put herself under his obliging Patronage.

This

This Commission, Mr. *Placid* executed, with Mr. *Fairfax*; who told him, whenever the young Lady thought proper, his House should be always ready to receive her, and he should do every thing in his Power, to render it as agreeable to her Inclination, and Interest, as possible—and accordingly, the next Day she removed thither, where we shall for a while leave her, to attend some interesting Circumstances, which essentially relate to the Catastrophe of this History.

The Information the younger Mr. *Herald* received, of his Uncle's being

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being in Town, created Suggestions, which doubly alarmed him, lest Chance, or any Intelligence, should occasion their Meeting, or his finding out *Felicia*, and treating her in a manner correspondent to that Opinion he had retained of her, from the Report raised in the Country, by *Scent*, of her having gone off from Gloucester, with Mr. *Placid*.—
That he was busy in his Enquiries after her, he justly conjectured, from his having been at Mr. *Fairfax's*—and now the Plan of Observation in which his Agent had been employed, was to be changed—and his Uncle's Steps were

were to be assiduously watched, in prospect, by those means (improbable as they were) to trace out those of *Felicia*.

For this Purpose, he was ordered to pay his constant Attendance at a neighbouring Coffee-house, conveniently situated, to observe his going out, follow, and bring his Director an Account of every Place he went to.—But this Negotiation proved as successless as the former had done—and though the Crisis of his Fate was now approaching, it afforded him no previous Marks of its Resolves, but seemed impending.

pending, with that doubtful Aspect, he had beheld it in, for a considerable time past.—Nor was the Situation of his Uncle's Mind, in a much less fluctuating State, and the *present* Inquietudes of it, renewed the *former* it had sustained, which were noticed in the earlier Part of this History, to have thrown a periodical Gloom, and constant Oddity, upon his Disposition.

Whether to indulge, or dissipate those crowding Reflections, which at this time conjunctively pressed him, my Anecdotes have not discovered, but from one or other

other of these Motives, he came very early in the Morning, into Saint James's Park, and walking slowly toward the Mall, musing with folded Arms—was observed by a Woman, who had the Property of a Number of those Cows, which stand there, to furnish the Passengers with Milk.

This Person, upon the instant she saw him, appeared so evidently disturbed, that those about her, could not avoid remarking.

—After she had a little collected herself—she committed the Care of her Employment, to one who assisted her—saying, she must

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must follow, and observe *that Gentleman*, who if it was the same, she was almost confident it must, she had something of **Consequence** to communicate to him.

She quickly overtook, and passed him, repeatedly turned, and viewed him, with great Earnestness; which the deep Reverie he was wrapped in, for some time, prevented his observing; but the Peculiarity of her Behaviour could not be long unnoticed; and waking from his disturbed Cogitations—she, still looking eagerly upon him, he asked her, with some

some Warmth, what she meant by turning, and gazing upon him, in that impertinent Manner? She, with all the Deference imaginable, and an apparent Confusion of Countenance, apologized in the best manner she was capable, for the Singularity, and Rudeness of her Conduct—but, that were it a *proper* Place, and he pleased to hear what she had to say, if a Number of Years had not deceived her Memory, she had something to reveal, which, she believed, would prevail upon him, to consider her thus accosting him, with less Severity.

Mr.

Mr. *Herald*, concluding from this extraordinary Address, the Woman had something of Concern, relative to his Nephew, to import, directed her to follow him—suggesting to himself, the Secret she had to disclose, could be nothing less, than the Meeting, and *Marriage*, of the two Lovers.

As they passed along toward his Lodging, he broke into a kind of half Soliloquy—to this Effect—It must be so! and if it is, be assured, inconsiderate Fool! your Ruin is compleat—Then turning short, asked his Fe-

male

male Attendant, by what means
~~she~~ came to the Knowledge of
it, and if he had not, somewhere,
seen her Face before? — She
told him he should be immedi-
ately resolved in both. — *Re-
solved!* returned he, I am al-
ready resolved, in the most im-
portant — And, yet, methinks,
there appears in your Confusion
of Countenance, a Number of
complicated Circumstances, which
infer, if possible, something more
than what I yet apprehend.

They were now near the
Entrance from the Park, into
St. James's House, therefore, more

liable to Observation; and his Impatience, immediately mended his Pace through it, to his Lodgings, which were in *Pall-Mall*.

They were no sooner come into the Apartment, than he began to view his new Acquaintance, with no less Attention, and Surprise, than *she* had before observed *him*, in the Park—and after remaining some time silent, said — your extraordinary manner of addressing me, and my own Recollection, begin to recall to my Mind, a Crowd of Circumstances, interesting, and alarming — When! where! was it I
before

before saw you ! for seen you I
~~have~~—and, from these Emotions
of my Heart, on an Occasion
even more affecting than *that*, I
first conceived—from *thence*, the
Passions of *Remorse*, and *Love*,
long lain dormant in my
Breast, do now reproach me, and
renew those Efforts of severe
Compunction, I have for Years,
endeavoured to remove and con-
quer—Relieve these Doubts !—
Relieve my Hopes and Fears !
which are alike impatient—tell
me instantly—are not you the
Person, into whose Hands, about
nineteen Years since, I delivered
a new-born Child, with a Bill

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of a hundred Pound, for its Sup-
port, and Care of it, during
Life?

The Woman replied in the Affir-
mative, with the Addition of other
concurring Circumstances—which
removed all possible Doubt, of her
being the Person—But Mr. *He-
rald*, scarce affording her time
to demonstrate so necessary a
Truth—with an impetuous Sen-
sibility, the Tears almost starting
from his Eyes, said—answer
me, is she dead, or Living?—
Living, Sir, returned the other,
and in perfect Health——But
where, continued he, has she re-
mained,

mained, during the unnatural Separation, Necessity enforced at her Birth, and which, repeatedly, I have endeavoured to discover, by frequent, though fruitless, Enquiries after *you?* — Here, the Woman falling upon her Knees, and intreating his Forgiveness, gave the following Relation.

That, at the time she received his Daughter, (as she presumed she was) she had also the Care of another, but a few Days older, the Daughter of a Gentleman whose Name was *Blanchman* — which Child dying suddenly, she was induced, for the continuing

the considerable Wages she had contracted for, and disencumbering herself of the Expence that would arise in keeping his, to secrete the Death of Mr. Blanchman's Child; and not only gave it out in the Neighbourhood where she lived, that it was the Death of the *other Child*, which suddenly happened, but imposed the *living one*, upon the Father and Mother of the *dead Child* for *theirs*—which, the very near Equality of their Ages, with Similitude of Complexion, and Eyes, so amply concurred with, that neither of them ever entertained the slightest Doubt of its Truth.

Why,

Why, interrupted Mr. *Herald*, warmly, have you at once raised and depressed, the tender Feelings of a *Father*, by informing me I *have* a Child, but at that instant, repelling those affecting Sensations, in so severely wounding me, with the harsh Reflection, that all her Sentiments of Duty, Love, and every soft *paternal* Claim, are but too justly paid to *others*? Sister to him

She then informed him those Apprehensions had been long removed by the Death of both— How then, interrupted Mr. *Herald*, has she been since disposed of?

She informed him, at a Gentleman's, a considerable distance from *London*; who, upon the Death of her supposed Father, for whom he had a particular Friendship, and Regard, took her under his Protection and Care.—But what were the united Transports of Pleasure, which suddenly rushed upon him, when he heard this Gentleman was Sir *Edward Haunch*, and her Name *Felicia*!—Yet here, again, his Joy had instantly its allay, in reflecting upon the sudden, and secret Retreat she had made from thence, and the Improbability of her being again recovered.—But, as in all Events where

where the Passions are thus principally concerned, their Transitions are frequent, and unexpected, so it occurred with this Gentleman, who had no sooner expressed his Concern upon that Occasion, than it was removed, by the Information of that good Genius, from whom he had received those alternate Vicissitudes of Pain and Pleasure; who informed him, she had a few Days before, at the Instance of Mr. Fairfax, removed to his House.

It is conjectured, the Reader by this time, does not want to be informed, this Woman was the

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same Person, *Felicia* made her
second Residence with, after
coming to *London*, and who
had been obliged to take up
the Occupation, mentioned in
the beginning of this Chapter,
for her support; being now
too far advanced in Years to
follow her former.

Mr. *Herald*, having thus re-
ceived the pleasing Account, his
new-found Daughter was happily
placed with so worthy a Man
as Mr. *Fairfax*, there remained
no Impediment, to the gratifying
that fond parental Indulgence,
he found fwelling in his Breast
with

with ardent Wishes to possess — but the manner, in which a Discovery, so delicate in its Nature, was to be made; was not to be determined on, with Indifference, or Precipitation; but required the most deliberate, and gentle Caution.

After reflecting upon a Variety of Expedients — he could suggest no one, but what appeared productive of disturbing that Tranquility, and Peace of Mind (he wished to preserve) by making known to her the Secret of her Birth, which she might, from an Elegance of thinking, reflect upon

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upon with Sentiments pernicious
to her Repose.—And, considering
also, that her loss in the mutual
and tender Transports of the first
Embraces of a Child, and Pa-
rent, could not be attended with
any painful Sensibility, while
she remained unknowing of such
a Situation; he determined rather
than put it to the hazard, of
her being hereafter wounded by
any secret Reproach, to repress
in himself, those *ideal* Joys, he
had formed of a meeting, which
would be fraught with every
fond Endearment, Nature knows.

Thus

Thus resolving to preserve the Secret of *Felicia's* Birth entirely from her Knowledge, it was necessary to seal the Lips of *her*, who, except himself, had solely the Power of giving the least distant Intimation of it—and that even she might consider it, in a more favourable Light, than from the Circumstances which attended it, he supposed she did—he strictly enjoined *her* (seconded by strong Assurances of Favour) never to acquaint *Felicia*, or any other Person whatever, with the slightest particularity attending it;

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it; left, from thence, dishonourable Conjectures should be inferred, which might lessen her, in her own Opinion, or that of the World; and since it was now impossible, from length of Time—and equally so, at the Crisis, when it happened, from very interesting Contingencies, properly to publish it—and as she herself, had transferred her to other Parents, he thought it was for the mutual Peace, and Interest of all concerned, that it should ever remain in the same State of Belief, it now did.

This

This she promised to observe most religiously; adding, since she had so fortunately found an Occasion of disclosing the Secret to him, her Mind was disburdened of those Inquietudes, which had frequently prompted, and might have, yet, induced her, to communicate it to some other—but those removed, he might rest assured of her Confidence, and Truth.—Nor could there, indeed, be any Motive for doubting them, since she could not possibly have any for their Violation—having had the prevailing

one

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one of Interest for their Support
—with an influencing Earnest of
which, she was for the present
dismissed.



CHAP.

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C H A P. IX.

*Which the merry disposed Reader
had better pass over.*

M R. *Herald*, now left alone to contemplate this pleasing, and unlooked-for Revolution in his Mind, and Family, and strongly impatient for an Interview with his Daughter—the Resolutions taken, of not confessing her as such, recurred to him with very *feeling*, and affecting Sensibility—and

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and involved him in some Per-
plexity, to determine upon his
Introduction, in such a manner,
as might be least liable to give
her Inquietude; or create any
surprise from her, at the extra-
ordinary Change in his Conduct,
and Resolutions—which were now
as totally reversed in *favour* of
his Nephew's Marriage with her,
as they had before been formed
in *Opposition* to it—But the im-
patient, and strong Impulses of
Nature, were too prevailing for
any farther Considerations—and
he immediately ordered a Coach
to the Door, to carry him to
Mr. Fairfax's—leaving every pru-
dential

dential Reflection to be digested, either in his going thither—or—not at all—being no longer able to withstand those tender Calls of the *Father*, which so strenuously urged the seeing a *Child*, he had supposed lost to him, so late recovered, and whom he reflected, with great severity of Pain, never to have beheld but once.

Those who have Children, though not in the precise Situation of this Gentleman, will be more especially capable of forming Ideas of his state of Mind, as he draws nearer, and nearer,

to

to the Place, which was to be the Scene of this affecting Interview—Such, will humanely sympathize, with the alternate Pleasure, and Pain, in the approaching Prospect of beholding a *Child*, and being with-held from confessing the *Father* — Of feeling *every* soft, and tender Emotion, Nature prompts, yet restrained, from giving Utterance to *one*—Nay, he had even a more arduous Task to undergo—the affecting a *Severity* of Behaviour, as the Uncle of her Lover—for under that Character alone, he could form any Pretensions for seeing her at all—These were hard

hard Conditions to be complied with; in Place of pouring out the Heart, in all the fond Endearments of expressive Language, and the more expressive Eloquence of the soft Embrace and silent Tear of Joy.

When he came to the House of Mr. Fairfax, strongly agitated with these contending Passions, and high in his Impatience to disburden himself, his Philosophy (of which he had not the largest share) had Occasion for its fullest Force, in the delay he met with, from Mr. Fairfax's being abroad—whose previous Intimation

timation, and Introduction, he had considered as materially essential—not only in point of common Good-breeding, but particularly of tender Prudence; to prevent the too sudden Alarm of Spirits, she might sustain, from an abrupt disclosing himself, in a *Character*, and *Stile*, he concluded must be as little pleasing to her, as to himself.

If Nature had been busy in stimulating her ardent Longings in his Breast, from the instant he was informed his Daughter was in *being*, and still grew more rapid in their Progress, upon his

know-

knowing he had the Means, in his Power, of quickly seeing her; to what Height must the impatient Struggles rise, when he found himself under the same Roof, and with-held by Considerations too prevailing, to be dispensed with? And though the Return of Mr. *Fairfax* was not very tedious, the Expectation of it grew almost too painful for Discretion—and ringing for a Servant, he enquired if the young Lady, who within these two or three Days, had taken up her Residence there, was alone; and when told she was, desired to be shewn to her Apartment—

but

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but when got half-way up the
Stairs, stopped short, and return-
ing, said, upon Recollection, I
think, Friend, it may be im-
proper—therefore will wait your
Master's coming in—which im-
mediately after relieved his Im-
patience.

In the Course of their Con-
ference, when he had explained
to Mr. Fairfax, that this Visit
to the young Lady, was more
induced from *Reflection*, than *Re-
sentment*, in order to be himself,
able to form a Judgment of
those Merits, he had heard she was
so largely possessed of—and that it
was

was not impossible, if he found them proportioned to the Character he had received, he might be prevailed on, notwithstanding her great Inequality of Fortune, to give his Consent to her Marriage with his Nephew—though perhaps he might, at first, as an Expedient to try her Disposition, appear somewhat different in his Conduct to her.

Mr. Fairfax made him a short Compliment upon the Rectitude of his Thinking——adding, that from the Experience he hitherto, had of the Strength, and Purity of her's, he thought it
VOL. III. I equal,

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equal, to that of many Men,
and superior to most Women—
but his Encomiums were needless
—her Merits would best speak for
themselves—yet, should they ap-
pear less amiable than he thought
them — he had, the preceding
Day, received a Testimony, which
rarely failed of Conviction.— But
he would acquaint her of his
being there—and was persuaded
she would want no auxiliary
Advocate.

When *Felicia* was informed of
this so extraordinay, and unex-
pected Visit, she was affected with
more Surprise, than Agitation of

Mind—being wholly at a loss to form any rational Conjecture of the Occasion—which, when she expressed to Mr. Fairfax, he told her, if he could judge of the Heart, from the Countenance, her Wonder, he believed, might possibly be rather *increased*, than *abated*; and he foresaw from many concurring Circumstances, that happy Change in her Fortune, her Deservings seemed so justly to demand, and which he had sufficient Reasons to conclude, he should himself be an Agent in contributing to.—But the Means were not yet ripe for disclosing, and had some contingent Depen-

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dency, to be revealed with more
Propriety, when the Result of
this Interview was known—which,
replied *Felicia*, I think, Sir, it is
incumbent on me, should no
longer be delayed, and am ready,
Sir, to wait upon you down.

Upon their entering the Apartment below, where Mr. *Herald* was waiting—the Appearance of *Felicia*, immediately struck him with a feeling Recollection, of the Features of her dead Mother, and he was so wholly disconcerted, that he remained silent a considerable time—and, not without Difficulty, roused himself from

from that affecting Contemplation.

Mr. Fairfax considering himself circumstanced, in some Degree, as *Parent* to *Felicia*; and having himself something of Importance to communicate, judged it proper to continue in the Room, during this Interview.

Mr. Herald, not being wholly collected from the sudden Impulse, Nature had so involuntarily exerted, at his first beholding a *Daughter*—said, 'tis strange! that in such a Number of Years, Me-

mory should not have lost every Impression so long since made! the very Semblance of her! each Line and Feature!—But, hastily recovering from these broken, unguarded Sentences, he found himself under the hard Necessity of repelling the strong Efforts of *Nature*, and having Recourse to those of *Art*, by saying—but what has the Likeness of one Woman, to another, to do with my Purpose of coming hither? which has Reference, Madam, only to your *Mind*, not your *Person*—in soliciting you, for your own sake, ingenuously to make known to me, in the most explicit Manner,

Manner, the Connections between you, and Mr. *Charles Herald*, to whom, I am unhappy enough, to be Uncle—explain to me, I beseech you, without Disguise, what induced your sudden Departure from Sir *Edward Haunch's*, before the time enjoined? Your extraordinary Flight from *Gloucester*, with Mr. *Placid*? Were these concerted Measures, between yourself and Lover, to cover from me those future Purposes, which, I presume, are now adjusted between you?—Where does he secrete himself? Let not your Fears betray you into Falshood, for Truth has Charms to soften Rigor,

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and wave the firm Resolves which
even *Interest* prompts — Here,
seeming to pause for a Reply—
Felicia with great Composure,
answered in the following man-
ner.

The Connections, Sir, between
your Nephew, and myself, were
such, as from the mutual Inter-
course of Eyes, and Sympathy of
Hearts, are warranted by Vir-
tue's strictest Laws, and are im-
pelled by those of *Nature*; who,
proud of her creative Sway, and
absolute in Rule, gives birth to
equal Passions, in Breasts *unequal*
by the partial Gifts of Rank and
For-

Fortune.—Thus stood the Account between us—I owned the Power of *Love*, but could not barter for its soothing Charms, the Dictates conscious *Reason* taught; and madly sacrifice to *Love*, the Bonds of *Friendship*, *Gratitude*, and *Honour*—which all united 'gainst the fond Delusion, struggling for Dominion, o'er the pleading *Merit* of my *Lover*, and the soft persuasive Powers of my yielding *Heart*.

Mr. *Herald*, unable to withhold the pleasing Impatience, which laboured in his Bosom—said, thou hast persuasive Powers

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in thy Tongue, which o'er my
yielding Heart, exert an Influence,
never felt till now — Where-
fore, did I rudely press a Crowd
of Questions? all are already an-
swered — I am convinced — and
farther Explanation would be
needless.

Pardon me, Sir, replied Felicia,
if I mistake not, you have ob-
served, that Truth has Charms
to soften Rigor, give me leave to
add, it also has an honest Pride,
in urging *all* its Powers — and
when alarmed by cold Suspicion,
will not rest its Cause upon a
single Proof, but open every
Avenue,

Avenue, that leads to give it Lustre. —— Therefore, in strict Conformity to *that*, and to the whole of your Demands, to be ingenuously explicit in my Answers, I must have leave, *still* to proceed.

Mr. Fairfax told her, he thought there was a just Propriety and Spirit, in perfecting the *Progress* of her Conduct — and addressing himself to Mr. Herald, said — since, Sir, you found that pleasing Influence o'er your Heart, in the behalf of Truth and Innocence, when but *commencing* their Defence, how will your Bosom glow

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glow with generous Sentiments,
to hear the rising Progress of
their Proof? — And be convinced,
your Nephew's Passion was not
merely founded on *external* Charms
— but had the stronger, nobler
Beauties of the *Mind*, to vindi-
cate its Choice.

Sir, returned Mr. *Herald* I
have received too sensible a Plea-
sure from the Proofs already
given, of such distinguished
Merits, not to attend with long-
ing Expectation, for those which
yet remain — since, what at first
I feared to have resolved, is now
become my *ardent Wish* — and,

Madam,

Madam, I applaud that commendable Pride in you, in urging your Defence of each particular, my too impetuous Warmth, enjoined
— Proceed, let me intreat
~~you~~ you.

Felicia recapitulating what she had began—said, if *Love* had made its soft Impressions on my Heart—yet *Friendship*, *Gratitude*, and *Honor*, still held their Power over it; nor would admit their formidable Rival, to subdue their Claims, but chiefly *Love* itself, was armed *against itself*—the generous Passion, Sir, your Nephew thus unguardedly conceived,
held

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held in Contempt the narrow
Views of Birth, and sordid In-
terest—and *Duty* too, he thought
was not too great a Sacrifice to
Love.—What Woman, then,
who saw, and heard the strong
Persuasion of a Person amiable!
a Passion infinitely tender! and
as infinitely Noble, and disinter-
ested! but must have felt its
Force?—I admired!—and wished
I might admit the interesting
Pleader—but *Love* denied, what
Love suggested—*justly* to reward
the Merit, which my Heart ac-
knowledged, there appeared no
Choice, but to dissolve the Charm
by *absence*—and prevent the
involving

involving such *Desert*, beneath
the impending Danger Disobe-
dience must incur, from an At-
tachment so unequal, and so
justly dreaded, Sir, by you.—
These Resolutions, strengthned
by the Conditions insisted on, as
previous to the Marriage-Treaty
of his *Brother*, with my ge-
nerous Friend, and Benefactress
Meliora—and an expected Visit
from Mr. *Herald*, the succeeding
Morning, after my Knowledge
of the Terms resolved on — in-
duced my sudden and precipitate
Removal—lest the Woman's Soft-
ness, should fondly have forgot

my

Mr. *Herald*, unable to withhold his Sentiments of Pleasure and Applause, said, such unexampled Fortitude of Mind, merits Reward, beyond the Power of the *worthiest Lover*.—Such, Sir, interrupted *Felicia*, Mr. *Herald* is—and that such Worth might not become a Forfeit to the slender Estimate *he* put upon it in his Regard to *me*, as I first formed my Resolution to avoid that fatal Consequence—I had still pursued it steadily from Gloucester under the friendly, generous

rous Protection of the worthy Mr. *Placid*, had not his humane Intention been prevented, by the basest Outrage, abandoned License ever meditated — but was at once defeated, and avenged, by Heaven's intervening Power, whose protecting Hand conducted me *alone*, in safety hither — where I have still received repeated Instances, of the unwearyed Wishes Mr. *Placid* has for the Protection of unhappy Innocence — and but from *his* honest, ingenuous Counsel, had never known the kind Protection of this hospitable House.

Mr.

Mr. *Herald*, rising with a Transport of Joy—and pressing her to his Bosom, said, these unexampled Proofs of Truth and Virtue, could not have afforded more substantial Bliss, than mine receives, even from the indulgent Wishes of a *Father's Heart.*

Alas! returned *Felicia*—I have long lost those sympathizing Ties of Nature—have long been quite estranged to that Felicity which flows, alone, in the united Channels of *filial* and *parental* Love—and am now become, not only a dejected *Orphan*, but a distressed,

distressed, and helpless *Wanderer.*

Mr. *Herald*, breaking into Tears, and for sometime unable to speak, after collecting himself, said, be comforted my *Child*, nor thus regret the Loss of that endearing Name, which henceforth shall no more be felt—but find its Reparation here—and meet in me a future Father; this Hour restores to thee another—more indulgent Parent—and should bestow a *Lover*, and a *Husband*, were my Power as active as my Will—but, that, alas! is yet restrained—and be,
as

as ignorant of the Bliss that waits to crown his Wishes, as I am of the Means, to acquaint him with the happy Change.— But wherefore now those Tears? Let this Embrace dispel, and dry them up——no more let Sorrow reach thy Heart; but let the coming Hours be crowned with Peace and Joy.

Those Hours, replied *Felicia*, are already come——and these the Tears of Peace, of Joy, of Gratitude, and Love — for *Words* would faintly speak the Language of my Heart; which overflowing, swells too fast with Transport,

Transport, to pay the Tribute of my Thanks, in Utterance from my *Tongue*—which, Sir, I am deprived of Power to prove, by any other Means, than falling thus, and weeping at your Feet.

Mr. *Herald* raising, and again embracing her, with great Tenderness, said, these Tears, though sprung from Joy, too feelingly affect, and strike the Strings of Memory, with deep Regret, and sharp Remorse, for all those Pangs, which my unconscious, unrelenting Disposition has cost thy tender Mind—but henceforth,

I will attone, by every fond Indulgence Nature knows, for each unguarded Passion of my Heart—considering *thee*, as meant the gentle Monitor, to mark, and to correct those Errors—Therefore, to begin that Task, I will immediately employ my utmost Diligence, and Care, to find thy Lover, acquaint him with the unlooked-for Change, thy hidden Virtues have inspired, and prove a Parent's utmost Bliss, in crowning both your Wishes.



CHAP. X.

Containing nothing new or uncommon.

FELICIA, in paying her Attendance to Mr. *Herald*, when he left the House, to make Enquiry after his Nephew, waiting at the Door while he went into his Coach, happened to cast her Eye upon the young Acquaintance, who became known to her, during her short stay at

Shrew-

Shrewsbury; who having been upon his Post of Observation, was crossing the Way to follow, as he had before done, and renew his Intelligence to Mr. *Herald* junior, of his Uncle's Motions.

The Lady was at first somewhat doubtful in her Opinion, but upon his advancing nearer the Door, was confirmed in it, by his stopping, and looking eagerly upon her—and, perhaps, it might have been difficult to have decided, whose Countenance was most remarkably lighted up with Pleasure—The *Lad* at so happy, and unexpected an Occasion of gratifying his Patron,

tton, in an Instance of all others, he knew would prove most transporting to him — or *Felicia*, in the pleasing Prospect of receiving some Intimation where he was; concluding it extremely probable, if he was in *London*, his Dependant must have some Knowledge of it.— Principally induced from this Motive, and, in some Degree, from a favourable Impression, received of him, in the Country, she saluted him with a very affable Complacency, desiring him to follow her in—when recollecting, that before he had

observed her, he had remarked, with particular Attention, Mr. Herald's getting into the Coach, and was going to follow it, till diverted from it by his seeing her, and there appearing in his Countenance a very visible, and pleasing Surprise — these joint Circumstances, and the Knowledge she had of his Attachment to her Lover, raised in her some Surmise, that more than Accident had contributed to seeing him, in that Part of the Town — therefore asked him, what Occasion had brought him into the City,

so distant from the Place, where his Studies demanded his Attendance?

He told her his Attendance had, for several Days past, been demanded, in pursuit of what he had now, most fortunately found, and would afford the impatient Wishes of his Employer the highest Gratification. —— Though, she very readily conceived *whom*, and *what*, he meant, she desired he would explain himself. —— He told her, though the Explanation, perhaps, related as mate-

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rially to her, as to the Gentle-
man, from whom he had been
commissioned, yet, he was in
Doubt, whether he was autho-
rized to communicate the Success
he had met with, till he had
first imparted it to him.

Felicia said, she would by no
means suffer her Curiosity to in-
duce him to make any Breach of
the Trust reposed in him — and
yet, as he had acknowledged, she
was materially concerned, she
could not but look upon herself
entitled to partake the Secret.

Madam, replied the Youth, if I may be judged capable to offer my Opinion, from what, with the highest Joy, I have observed, in the Tranquility, and Ease of your Conduct and Countenance, as well as that of the Gentleman, who just now went from the Door in a Coach—I believe, I shall not be thought to trespass too far, in acquainting you that Mr. *Herald*, my generous Benefactor, and Master, has, since his Arrival in Town, made it his own, and my constant Em-

K 3 ployment,

ployment, to endeavour at the Discovery, where, (as he was pleased to call it) you had cruelly hid yourself.—I, Madam, am too young to taste of Love, and if the Pains attending it, are such as *he* has felt, still to remain unknowing, must be esteemed a Blessing.

Felicia said, with some Degree of Surprise, by what strange Sympathy did you become acquainted, *I* was the Person, Mr. *Herald*, thus unhappily, sustained those Sufferings for? He, with

great

great Deference replied, I hope, Madam, you will excuse that Information, till a fitter time, since the present calls upon me, immediately, to give my Master the happy Tidings you are found, and rid him, of those heavy Pangs, which have so long afflicted him.

Felicia said, such anxious Haste bespoke his Duty, and his Love, and still to charge them with a Task more pleasing, inform him, every harsh Resolve his Uncle held, is melted into soft, com-

pliant Peace, and Harmony of Heart — that he is now, with warm Impatience, gone in search of him — determined by the happy Influence of our kinder Stars, to seal those Vows of *Love*, he so late, with vigorous Force opposed. — Tell him too, (thus authorized, I hope the Rules prescribed our Sex, permit my saying) I wish to see him, congratulate *myself*, and *him*, upon the pleasing Prospect of this Change, the Earnest which it gives of gentle, smiling Hours to come.

This

This Commission was executed almost, with an equal Pleasure to that, with which it was given—and if *Love* had its powerful Influence in dictating this pleasing Message, in *her* Breast—in *his*, *Duty* and *Gratitude* had theirs, in being made the Instrument of conveying it; and he instantly hastened to be the Harbinger of so unexpected, and transporting a Guest.

A short time after his Departure, Mr. *Placid* came to par-

take in the Pleasure, of this unlooked for Catastrophe; in which, the native Goodness of his Heart, made him a considerable Sharer—and gave him an Opportunity of moralizing upon it, in a very pathetic, yet, polite Strain, by paying to *Felicia*, Compliments elegantly blended with serious and sedate Reflections, upon the Protection, and Reward, Heaven still reserves for *Virtue*, through a Series of Distress, and Danger
—Observing, its spreading Influence did not alone affect the meritorious Object of its immediate

ate Care, but frequently extended its reconciling Hand to such, as had *Connections* with that Worth —though in themselves, perhaps, defective, and remiss; but Truth and Innocence, had Qualities as well to obtain *Atonement* as Reward, and suffering *Virtue* mediates for offending *Vice*.

Felicia said, her Debt to Heaven was all her own, since, her Dependencies of Family, and Blood, were long dissolved by Death — therefore, more fervent, and unbounded Thanks were due,
for

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for such peculiar Blessings.—And
their Continuance, replied Mr.
Placid, must attend these sensible,
and just Ideas of them, which
are so evidently the Result of a
grateful, and humble Heart.—
How amply now, are the friendly
and prophetic Lessons of Captain
Worthy verified, that a Despon-
dency of Heaven's Protection,
should never seize the *virtuous*
Mind? — *That*, is the proper
State of *Vice*, and *Guilt* — and
even *there*, an Effort to o'ercome
the Force, and Turbulence of
Passions, will never fail to meet
the

the lenient Arm of Mercy,
stretched to guide it through
the Maze of Error, into Peace,
and soft Tranquility.

Though these were Contem-
plations which stood in no need
of Assistance, to render them
pleasing to *Felicia*, yet it may
be naturally enough conjectured
they were not the less so, from re-
flecting upon the Accomplishment
of the first Part of them, in
in the approaching Meeting of
her *Lover*, and the Consumma-
tion of both their Wishes.

Some-

Sometime having now elapsed, since the Messenger had been dispatched to him, with the happy and unlooked for Catastrophe of their Fate; and her congratulating Message of Invitation—every knocking at the Door, alarmed her, with tender Tu-
mults of Hope, and Joy, for his Arrival; which were at last compleated, by his Entrance into the Room —repeatedly embracing her, in the tenderest, and most affecting manner — When, after a mutual Silence, which over bear-

ing

ing Transport enforced—he cried
—Utterance is too weak to tell
my Joy—and again embracing
her, said, the tender Tumults of
the overflowing Heart, too pow-
erful for the Tongue, deprive
it of its Office, and yet, can
only pay their Tribute in the
silent Language of my Eyes, and
soft Endearments of my circling
Arms.—

A Language, replied
Felicia, far more eloquent, more
expressive, of ingenuous Senti-
ments, than all the laboured
Art of boasted *Rhetoric* knows
—He told her the united Force
of

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of mute and speaking Rhetoric,
was unequal to describe the
Heart-felt Joy, with which his
Breast was filled—but flattered him-
self, the Sympathy of *bers*, would
dictate to her, every soft Emo-
tion there; and swell with
equal Wishes, to unlade in Words,
those soft Emotions struggling to
have Passage.

Hypocrisy, answered *Felicia*, is
a Vice I have ever held in
Abhorrence; though it were
even, in Prevention but of the
lightest Mortification—and shall

I now admit its Entrance to conceal a *Passion* I am proud to own — which Heaven, with condescending Grace, appears to smile upon ; from that un hoped Reverse of Influence, it so amazingly has wrought in our behalf? — Your Uncle, even with a Father's Fondness, has lavished his Indulgence toward me, by every softning Instance, the best loved Daughter might have claimed. — Nor can I pay his fond Endearments back, with less Regards of Duty, and Affection, than such, as call upon the
bun.

Child,

Child, who holds the foremost Place in partial Parents' Hearts.

He told her, there only wanted an *Acquaintance* with her Merit, to set it in that amiable Light his Uncle had; and he was, always, well assured he *must* consider it, whenever an Occasion presented itself, of his coming to that Knowledge.—But where is he? I hoped to have found him here—I am impatient to pay my Tribute of fervent Thanks and Gratitude, for this Completion of the Blessings he bestows;

and

and Sir Edward Haunch. 211
and without which all others
had proved tasteless and lan-
guid.

Felicia said, he left her about an Hour since, in order to search him out, if possible, and bless him with the Tydings of this happy Change—but imagined, his Disappointment would occasion his immediate Return.

The Lover, whose flow of Joy, and Spirits, had so far transported him, to prevent observing Mr. *Placid's* being in the

the Room—at last, casting his Eyes that way, said, I hope, Sir, you'll pardon the Rudeness I have been guilty of, in thus long neglecting to pay my grateful Thanks, where they are so largely due; for that generous, and humane Protection, you have given this Lady—and the interested Concern, you have *since* shewn for her Welfare; by writing to my Brother, in so friendly, and pathetic a Manner, of the Distresses into which, you were apprehensive, she must be driven

ven; from her not having pursued her intended Journey to London—which Letter was obligingly intended for *me*, but as you observed in it, you had received Information of my Absence, from Home, therefore imagined *that*, the most probable Means, of having the Account transmitted me—These are Instances of the most humane, benevolent Disposition, abstractedly considered; but, when the Object, on whom they were bestowed, is put into the Balance, they out-weigh every Expression of Gratitude I can suggest;

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suggest; but be assured, Sir,
it shall be my future Study to
put my Sentiments of Regard
into Action; and shall wait,
with eager Impatience, for an
Occasion to manifest their
Truth.

Mr. *Placid* said, the Occasion
had already offered itself; in
which whatever Merit could be
ascribed to him, was most am-
ply rewarded in furnishing a
Prospect, from whence Truth,
Virtue, and Honor, would meet
a Compensation, for that strict

Ad-

Adherence to them, both himself and the Lady had given such evident Proofs of.

The old Gentleman returning from the Search after his Nephew, entered the Room with apparent Marks of Disappointment —but immediately perceiving him there, ran and embraced him with the utmost Transport —Then taking the Hand of *Felicia*—looking on her, with the tenderest Emotions of Joy—but unable to speak—put her into the Arms of her Lover; *eagerly*

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eagerly embracing both, while they
embraced each other ; and in a Voice
which bespoke the inward Tu-
mults he sustain'd, cried — Hea-
ven is too gracious !—But they
are *your* Deservings have drawn this
Blessing down, my Children—
I have not merited—Here, his
Excess of Transport grew too
powerful for Speech, and almost
for his Spirits—but getting to a
Chair, a short time renewed
them, and his Recollection, that
Passion must subside to *Prudence*
—and that indulging those feeling
Efforts of Nature (so extremely
different

and Sir Edward Haunch. 217

different to his former Conduct) might create Speculations in his Nephew, he chose not to give birth to; since it was not impossible he might, heretofore, have received distant Intimations, of that Correspondence which was the true Incitement to those extraordinary Emotions

— Therefore, calling up his cooler Reason, said, it will not appear to you, my dear Charles, a Subject of Surprise, who are so intimately, and justly conscious of this Lady's Deservings, that they have wrought in me

so sudden, and unexpected, a Change; they wanted only, earlier to be known, to have convinced me, of the mistaken Error I was involved in, that every Woman's *Merit*, was proportioned to her *Fortune*—

Here, Mr. Fairfax interrupting, said—Nor, is *that Merit wanting*, Sir, of which I could some Hours since have informed you, but rather chose to defer it, as an additional Means, of more fully compleating the Happiness I saw in View— and not depriving you, Sir, of paying your gene-

generous Tribute to her Merit,
uninfluenced from any other
Motive.

I think, Sir, continued Mr. Fairfax, I have before observed to you, her Father, Mr. Blanchman, was my particular Intimate, and Friend—who, at his Death, entrusted the little Fortune he left her in my Hands.—

The Confidence he had reposed in me, has been since communicated to a Brother of his, whose slender Circumstances pushed him upon endeavouring

to enlarge them, by going abroad, where he lived, and prospered for near sixteen Years, and dying childless, has left a Fortune, amounting to near sixteen thousand Pounds, to this Lady, his Niece—of which I Yesterday received an Account upon Change, together with his Will, and a Consignment of his Effects.

Felicia, and her Lover, viewed each other with silent, but pleasurable Amazement, while Mr. Herald remained in a kind of

of middle State, between Joy
and Doubt — reflecting, that
this unlooked - for Acquisition
to *Felicia*, had an immediate
Tendency to cover all Suspicion
of her real Birth — but was
disturbed, in point of Integrity
and Honor — whether such
Acquisition, properly became
her *Right* — and if it was not
incumbent upon *him*, in the
strict Eye of Justice, to unfold
the Error, which had given
her Pretensions to it.

However, as that was a Point

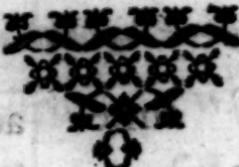
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of too critical, and nice a
Nature, to be determined,
without a more mature Deli-
beration, deferred the farther
Discussion of it, with himself,
tow a fitter Occasion—join-
ing in the Congratulations upon
this fortunate Event, with Mr.
Fairfax, and his Nephew, tel-
ling him; he would directly
write to his Father, and Sir
Edward Hauncb, upon this
pleasing Catastrophe, which would
prove equally joyful to both
Families.—That he would
desire

desire Preparation might be made in the Country, before their Reception, and the immediate celebrating their own, with the Marriage of his Brother, and *Meliora*, which both, with an unusual Spirit of Friendship, had insisted should be deferred, till the general Welfare carried a more favourable Aspect.

A short time accomplished the just Reward, due to the inviolable Attachment those young Lovers had held toward Truth and

24 History of Sir Harry Herald
and Virtue, and a universal
Face of Joy spread itself through
their Families.

T H E E N D.



A
from A
scandalous
Revising the edit
young short transmittit A old man
distr. burro. bleb had a very
bad

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